

Let the Quiet

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>ARCHIVE: My site, and fanfiction.net. All else, ask me so I can visit and gloat. <br>RATING: \_PG\_  
>CATEGORY: <em>Star Wars<em>  
>SPOILERS: <em>In the Sixth Sense, Brce Willis is a ghost! Haha!<em>  
>FEEDBACK:<em> Yes! So I can get a little high off of it, and forget I have tests all this week&euc1|<em>  
>SUMMARY: <em> Obi-Wan gets caught up in the moment.<em>

DISCLAIMER: \_ George Lucas called me the other day, and told me that I could have Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan. I was pretty happy. Then I was visited by my Math teacher, who told me I would pass. Then I knew it was all a dream. Lucas owns 'em, I just mistreat them. Bad me. Whack! Little slashy, but oh well. Whatcha gonna do? You don't know where I live.\_

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"Master, are you ready yet?"

Obi-Wan Kenobi lingered a moment on the patio deck, placing his hands on the railing. He breathed in the night air, trying to shed the

impatience that had built up in himself. The brilliant light of the moon shimmered off the mountain pool that served as a swimming attraction for the hospice that he and his Master, Qui-Gon Jinn, were staying at during the duration of their stay. Obi-Wan stared at the pool. He looked back, sighing in impatience. He wanted to go swimming, while the moon was still up. Qui-Gon was just taking his sweet time.

"You seem to be forgetting, my Padawan, that I had a much harder day than you. Hold your patience." Qui-Gon appeared in the doorway, clad in a deep blue robe. His hair loose over his shoulder. Obi-Wan smiled a greeting.

"I did," Obi-Wan grinned. "For fifteen minutes. You just took too long."

"Ah," Qui-Gon nodded, standing next to his apprentice along the railing. "Is fifteen minutes the galactic standard for the time it takes one to change?"

Near laughter, Obi-Wan shook his head. "No, Master. I apologize. Are you ready now?"

"You're too cheeky, Padawan. I'll let it slip, for now. You'll have a long hard life as a Jedi, you should enjoy the short time you spend as a child." Qui-Gon motioned towards the steps that lead down to the pool level, "Come, now."

Obi-Wan smiled, and followed, close behind. The soft foam rubber of his pool sandals made little noise, but he gazed at Qui-Gon's feet. They were bare, and awfully big. He often noticed how tall, and large, Qui-Gon was, but he rarely took in the fact that his feet were quite large. Almost self-consciously, he looked at his own feet. They looked tiny in comparison.

His eyes caught the shine off of Qui-Gon's loose hair, and he studied it for a moment. He held in a happy sigh. He had been thinking it most of the day, perhapsâ€|He opened his mouth to speak, but Qui-Gon beat him to it.

"How did you spend your afternoon? I was meaning to ask earlier, but the time never presented itself." The steps ended onto a smooth marble tiling around the domesticated spring, and the two stepped onto the dimly lit area.

Shrugging, Obi-Wan replied. "I spent most of the day studying with R'Ness, at the main library. Then I took time for meditations on the patio."

And I thought about you, Obi-Wan bit back.

Nodding, Qui-Gon disrobed. "Was R'Ness pleased with the amount you got accomplished?"

"Yes," Obi-Wan said as he followed suit. "She always is. Weâ€|we got through several more sections than the previous day."

Qui-Gon entered the water, while Obi-Wan remained on the tiled shore. "We were lucky to have found her."

After taking off the sandals, Obi-Wan smoothed the deep blue swim trunks he had on. He sat down on the edge, just dangling his legs in the water to get a feel for the temperature. "It's cold."

Watching his apprentice with a half eye, Qui-Gon smirked. He had his head tilted back, gazing up at the sky, but he still managed to catch the look of embarrassment on Obi-Wan's face. He only shook his head, leaving the obvious to itself.

Obi-Wan cursed his words, feeling dumb at the sheer apparent nature of his comment. He watched Qui-Gon for a second more, still sitting on the side. He kicked his legs, childishly, and watched the water ripple at his disturbance of it.

Lifting his head up, Qui-Gon eyed Obi-Wan, with a suppressed grin. "You insist I hurry, and now you sit on the shore. Padawan, get in the water."

Pulling his feet out of the water, Obi-Wan smiled daringly. "Master, you'll have to make me."

Barely faster than Obi-Wan could think, Qui-Gon had appeared in front of him, and had him by the waist. The strong arms wasted little time in throwing Obi-Wan into the night chilled water. Landing with a splash, Obi-Wan laughed at the play.

Letting out a chuckle himself, Qui-Gon watched as Obi-Wan smoothed his wet, spiky hair back. "You, my Padawan, need a hair cut."

Snorting, Obi-Wan replied lightly. "Look who's talking."

Sinking down into the water, Qui-Gon drifted closer. "I should shave you bald for that comment."

"The last thing we need is another Master Windu." Obi-Wan enjoyed the lightness of the conversation. It was hard to be serious all of the time, and just as Qui-Gon had said earlier, he should enjoy himself. The world was quite relaxed, and it was hard not to fall to that level of serenity, and just not care about the problems. Obi-Wan would miss it when the transport took him home the next afternoon.

"You seem too brave, my Padawan. Some one should knock you down a notch." Qui-Gon was within arms length of Obi-Wan now, and he circled the younger Jedi. Still grinning, Obi-Wan was unprepared for the sudden poke Qui-Gon gave him under the ribs.

Gasping, Obi-Wan tried to dart away, but wasn't quick enough. The Jedi Master started to tickle Obi-Wan, until the apprentice called uncle.

"All right, all right. I take it back." Obi-Wan laughed trying to catch his breath. "I'll never speak ill of Master Windu again."

"I'm still getting you for the hair remark." Qui-Gon grinned.

Obi-Wan kept himself high in the water, matching Qui-Gon's eye level.

The two were still close in the water, as the silence stretched out. Bobbing, lightly, Obi-Wan could only grin, as he let his body float closer to that of his master's.

"Don't hold grudges, Master." Obi-Wan gave him a small tap on the shoulder.

"I'll do what I must." Qui-Gon looked from his shoulder back to Obi-Wan's dancing eyes. He had drifted closer, and now they were face to face.

A new silence came up, with Obi-Wan facing Qui-Gon. Letting the momentum that carried his mood take over, Obi-Wan made a swift decision. He quickly brought his head up, and pressed his lips to Qui-Gon's, in a smooth kiss. It took only a moment, for Qui-Gon to pull away in surprise.

Not in anger, but in confusion, Qui-Gon stared at Obi-Wan. "Padawanâ€|?"

"Master, Iâ€|I'm sorry, butâ€|I thoughtâ€|" Obi-Wan regretted his actions, and hit his bottom lip in rue.

Taking a breath, Qui-Gon closed his eyes, before putting a calmer look towards Obi-Wan. "Padawan, what were you thinking?"

"Iâ€|Iâ€|" Obi-Wan tried to sort his words. "I was thinking it was the right place for it. I wanted it."

"You are only fifteen Obiâ€|"

Obi-Wan interrupted quickly. "I will be sixteen in ten days."

Qui-Gon gave Obi-Wan a sharp look. "You are just out of puberty, Obi-Wan, you do not know what you want. I thought we discussed that."

Letting his eyes fall, Obi-Wan stared at the water, thinking it seemed colder now. "I think I know what I want. I wanted to kiss you because I lovâ€|"

"Please, Obi-Wan, don't say it." Qui-Gon raised a hand. "Those words are hard to take back. Be careful who you say them to. It is just a crush, Obi-Wan. A crush built on respect. You can't believe those feelings to be true this early in your life."

Shyly, Obi-Wan lifted his eyes. "Butâ€|I'm sorry. It was wrong. Just forget it."

"No, Padawan, I wont forget it." Qui-Gon shook his head. "If we just put it aside, we cannot deal with how you feel. A mild crush can still cause a broken heart. You shouldn't let your feelings drive you so."

Obi-Wan felt the burning question of how the older man felt rise inside, but he let it fall. He slowly nodded his head. "Yes Master. Iâ€|agree. I shouldn't have been soâ€|"

"Shhâ€|Obi-Wan." Qui-Gon had moved to a series of smoothed rocks

around the wall. "The more you talk, the worse you shall feel. Please, just come sit with me. We should let the quiet bring some end."

Feeling foolish and heavy-hearted for his impulsive action, Obi-Wan followed. The moon's reflection off the water rippled like a broken mirror, before the movement ceased, and the picture returned clear. He stared at the side of Qui-Gon's face, before looking to his hands.

Closing his eyes, Obi-Wan thought back to that moment. As he studied his memory of the kiss, he remembered something. There was that brief, that brief fleeting second, between their lips meeting, and Qui-Gon pulling away. In that short time, Obi-Wan could have sworn that Qui-Gon had kissed back.

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